

THE PALMETTO STANDARD.

Zeb's Great. I'll be bound if that ain't a clever fellow, down yonder. Look a here, you're all right! Want to get out?"

"Do you want to go out?" says the driver.

"You be bound," says Zeb, "now that's a pretty idea, save to get in to the Palace, and have you darn'd skunk, after kickin' me off, and want me to get out!"

"Pay your fare and get out, you mutin' son of a—get out!" says the sit-up driver.

The door was cracked up, the girls jumped out, simile as excited men, and as Zeb made a similar splash, the driver brought the door to a little sudden, and sent Zeb upon his haunches.

"How do you do? I look a here, stop, let 'oller on!" Marry—here, take this money, and let me out a—"

The driver lit up, Zeb hopped over the quarter, and jumped into the mud, ker-

—spurting mud, gah! by golly, let's break mudgins!—seen enough—got tattered by one killer, lost my cap, got chased out of a theater, treas'rs all split with mud, and—

I heard if I went on for home just boat come along, Dab—dab sot, Cynth."

The way Zeb made tracks and snaked the tail down towards the factory, was a ca-

tion to "Yankee Blade."

SODME IN A BEER SHOP.

An enterprising Dutchman who kept a porter house in New York, gave the following account at a police office of an assault in his premises, speaking of the person who commenced the row, he said:

"He came in, and asked me to sell him some beer; I told him he had more as would do him good—he called me a Dutch liar, and my wife and sister, Pety, and all our ou-

der men and bachelors across my place, pe-

to get him out, and presently he com-

pact wid more sheebs like him, and every-

one will fix his peer concern and break him up,

and de bachelors as wants to get truck

out, den day link Hane Spangler

round his neck, and smot my sister Pety

and split my wife and me and older par-

ents all overde collar. Hand run out

and called for watch house, and my

wife called for murder like live, but per-

sonal to watch house come, der tam radios

prote us all to pieces, me and my wife, and

sister Pety and for tam potches and ham-

pies and plates and drakes, all smashed up

togeder."

COLLOW ARRESTED.—Our hero was a

member of—College. Some people

curiously inquired that he was sowing his wild oats broadcast and bucked up the following:

One morning Ben presented himself with the date in Astronomy at recitation, having been out on a spree the night before, and scarcely recovered from a horrid dream of Sheriff's and Main Liquor Law.

The Professor had no merey for such characters, and always delighted to bore which he found a subject. The following dialogue ensued:

Professor.—"What is time?"

Don't know, sir, was the answer.

P.—"What is apparent time?"

Don't know, sir, was again slowly

directed forth.

P.—"What is mean Time?"

Ben's eyes sparkled, and the muscles of his face twitched, as was his wont when he was conscious of having a glimmer.

Looking heatedly in a stray fragment of shirt he almost shouted.

"I—what is mean Time?"

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